

# Daily Kentuckian

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This paper has enlisted  
with the government in the  
cause of America for the  
period of the war.....

## OUR SERVICE FLAG



It was a toss up who should have  
Terry and the Americans won.

Since the beginning of the draft  
last September, 35,000 men have  
been called to the colors in Ken-  
tucky in various calls, both general  
and for specialists and students at  
army schools. This does not include  
7,000 who are to leave for camp this  
month.

No matter what a girl's accom-  
plishments may be, her education is  
incomplete if she has not some knowl-  
edge of bake-ology, boil-ology roast-  
ology, stitch-ology and mend-ology.  
Even if she should never be required  
to do the work herself, she ought to  
know whether it was done in a proper  
manner.—Shelby Record.

Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky,  
was pronounced out of danger by  
the authorities of Johns Hopkins  
hospital at Baltimore yesterday. He  
has been there many weeks and fol-  
lowing an operation recently for the  
removal of his adenoids and tonsils  
his recovery has been rapid. He will  
leave the hospital in a week or ten  
days for Atlantic City if he continues  
to improve.

As a result of the two attacks by  
the Americans against the enemy in  
the second battle northwest of Cha-  
teau Thierry, 300 prisoners were cap-  
tured and the Americans extended  
their line over a front of about six  
miles to a depth of nearly two and  
one half miles. While the losses of  
the Americans necessarily have been  
heavy owing to the nature of the  
fighting, the German dead is piled  
three deep in places. A number of  
machine guns were added to the  
American booty.

Americans are covering themselves  
with glory in France. When given  
the chance they will give the Hun  
some new lessons in warfare. A  
French report of their fighting—the  
Marines by-the-way—at the Cha-  
teau Thierry scrap says: "The Amer-  
icans are like tigers. Their com-  
manders have all they can do to hold  
the men back. Even the wounded are  
enthusiastic and eager to fight.  
They are proud of their wounds. A  
general who visited a field dressing  
station said he was elated by the  
sight."

## COP GAZES AT MAIDEN— MAN RUNS BY SEMAPHORE.

(By International News Service.)  
Atlanta, Ga., June 8.—"Why,  
Judge, he wasn't looking at me at all.  
There was a pretty girl passing and  
he!"

W. H. Lee was explaining a charge  
of running past a stop signal in an  
automobile, passing a street sema-  
phore.

"How about it?" Judge Johnson  
asked Policeman Hudson, who, be-  
ing honest, admitted that he was  
watching a young lady crossing the  
street.

The case was dismissed.

## Out of the Shadow

By SUSAN CLAGETT

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure News-  
paper Syndicate.)

"dear miss kin yo help we uns me  
an its Crawford is havin a Hard time  
gumment tuk our mens an we alls tryin  
to git vittles an cloths to Give the  
chilrun to eat we eaint an miss Honey  
we alls mos purish me an its an her  
Gal baby is livin with mol wade an  
arfter we als dun git thru the wuk  
thurs nuffin to do but set fore the Fire  
an tat an kilt an woner of our mensil  
kum hum an how we unsil git thru the  
Winter it is Awful cold an me an mol  
go up the mountin an cut down pine  
saplings an drag em hum i slint plainin  
miss honey an i aint begin but i jest  
wants to know of yore friensil buy  
we alls Tatin.

"With great Respec yore

"Frien liza rankin."

Lavinia read the letter over and over  
again. She could make nothing of it  
but a jumble of words all but illegibly  
written. Not a comma, not a period.  
She glanced at the name: liza rankin.  
and light came to her. The meaning  
of the letter became clear. Her throat  
contracted with an uncomfortable  
ache and tears hid the package in her  
lap at which she fumbled with unsee-  
ing eyes.

It was roughly and insecurely tied  
and she wondered how it had come  
intact through the mails. As the  
thought flashed through her mind a  
small package dropped upon the  
floor. With an exclamation she picked  
up yards of beautifully fine and intri-  
cate tatting. Examining the contents  
of the larger bundle, she found it con-  
tained several sets of table mats with  
crocheted borders and coarse, home-  
spun linen centers.

Her mind went back to the summer  
just past and the several summers  
before when she had helped spin the  
cloth from flax raised in the little  
clearing about the cabin. If she had  
been asked she could not have told how  
she had heard of the little home in the  
Tennessee mountains across the border  
from Virginia, but each summer there-  
after had found her a visitor, and she  
and Eliza Rankin had become fast  
friends.

She had helped Eliza make her wed-  
ding dress; had returned to the moun-  
tain for the wedding, taking with her  
from her own store of furniture enough  
to make comfortable the tiny two-  
room log house that was to be Eliza's  
future home. She had been with her  
when the child was born; had been  
with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-  
stricken mother had laid the still little  
form in its crib for the last time,  
and it was in the rough little cabin  
that Lavinia came under the influence  
that altered the course of her own life  
when she raised her head from her  
spinning and met the keen, questioning  
gray eyes of the mountain doctor who  
had stopped for a moment to ask for  
a drink of milk.

She met him often in her wanderings  
about the mountain, but aside from the  
pleasure of an occasional meeting she  
had given him no thought until she  
raised her head that day and her eyes  
were held by the dominant gray ones  
of the man standing in the doorway.

She felt as if he was reading her  
very soul. Filled with resentment, the  
angry color flooded her face under his  
merciless gaze. Indignantly she  
straightened in her chair. Then, to her  
everlasting shame, she left the spin-  
ning wheel and walked directly into  
his arms.

She left the mountain the next day.  
There was a long wait at Bristol be-  
fore the arrival of the north-bound  
train, but almost as it came into sight  
Doctor Cochran crossed the platform  
to her side.

"Eliza told me you had gone. Why?"  
he had asked abruptly.

She had looked at him coolly, criti-  
cally. A big, awkward but powerfully  
built man, coarsely clothed with his  
blue homespun shirt open at the  
throat and sleeves pushed carelessly  
back from his muscular arms. Her  
very silence brought to him a realiza-  
tion of her thought.

"Oh! That's it! A mountain man  
is not good enough! You want the fine  
clothes, the society and convention to  
which you are accustomed. You can  
have them if you want. I do not doubt  
it. But whoever he be he will never  
have what you have given to the  
mountaineer."

She had risen and faced him. "How  
dare you?"

He had laughed roughly in interrup-  
tion. "Dare? I dare anything, my  
dear young lady, and I tell you plainly  
that in that half hour in Eliza Ran-  
kin's cabin you gave me what you will  
never give another man, and that was  
your soul," and turning on his heel he  
left her as the train pulled into the  
station.

She heard from him once, months  
later. He wrote that he had volun-  
teered and must see her before he left  
for France. The note was unanswered.  
He did not come, and as the days  
passed she knew her day of reckoning  
was upon her; that she had let him go  
to his work-thinking her heartless.

It all came back as she looked at  
the work in her lap and as she let the  
beautiful tatting slip over her fingers  
her resolution was taken.  
Naturally she met opposition when  
she told her family she was going to  
the mountain for a brief stay, but she  
went on about the carrying out of her  
plan and blessed the aunt who left her  
a small legacy to do with as she would.

Knowing that the railroads were con-  
gested by the movement of troops, she  
hired a motortruck to carry food and  
told the chauffeur she was going with  
him across the width of Virginia. His  
expression spoke volumes and when  
out of hearing uttered words not in-  
tended for a woman's ears.

She persuaded a married friend to  
accompany her. This she regretted  
later on, for the cold was intense and  
there was tire trouble. To her it  
meant delay, but her friend could see  
nothing in the trip but her own folly  
in yielding to Lavinia's wishes.

"I will leave you at Hot Springs and  
go alone," Lavinia told her at last. "It  
was really too much to ask of you."

"I will keep on until we reach a  
railroad," Mrs. Howard answered  
shortly. "When we come to that bond  
with civilization I will leave you to  
your own devices. What on earth put  
such an idea into your head. Couldn't  
you have sent the things by freight?"

"Eliza and the others need food, and  
this is the quickest way to get it to  
them," Lavinia answered.

Fortunately her chauffeur was a Vir-  
ginian and had come from the section  
of the state to which she was going.  
He had known the Rankins and Wades.  
"We played together when we was  
kids," he told her. "I'll go hard with  
the women in the mountains with their  
men gone." For a moment he looked  
troubled. "I s'pose you wonder why  
a husky feller like me is a stay-at-  
home. I ain't no slacker. I has a wife  
an' five kids an' the orficer tol' me  
to stay at home an' take kyar of 'em."

Never in her life before had Lavinia  
been so conscious of the comforts of  
fire as when she entered the log cabin  
an hour later, stiff and shivering. But  
it wasn't touch of a fire, just a handful  
of sticks upon which Eliza threw a  
few pine cones that blazed up at once.  
Standing before it, Lavinia looked  
about. There was but the one room.  
Side by side in one corner stood two  
beds covered with gay patchwork  
quilts. Four bright eyes peered at her  
from the farthest one. From the near-  
er came a slight moan.

"I did not know anyone was sick,

"Liz were jes' polly when I writ,  
miss, honey. She give up las' night.  
I put the chilrun in bed to keep warm.  
Moll is out tryin' to git wood. Miss,  
honey, I shorly think the Lord-dun  
sent you."

"There must be someone who can  
get wood for you," Lavinia said.  
"Where is Jake Fox? He is too old  
to be called."

For a moment Eliza did not answer.  
"He's a-haulin' for money an' we alls  
didn't have none."

Lavinia opened her purse. "Give  
him this and tell him to hurry with a  
load."

The mountain woman drew back.

"I ain't beggin', honey."

"Of course not. I expect you to pay  
it back. But now I am cold and hun-  
gry and we will talk about it after a  
while," and throwing aside her wraps,  
she went over to speak to Lizzie Craw-  
ford.

For a week she watched beside that  
bed in the corner, resting between  
times in a big chair before the fire.  
At the end of that time as she was  
bending over the bed the door was  
thrown open and a hearty voice said:  
"I came back to take a look around  
before I left for France, Eliza; heard  
Lizzie was sick and came over to see  
what was the matter." The voice  
stopped short. "You!"

For a second of time Lavinia  
thought she would suffocate with the  
beating of her heart, then she said  
quietly: "I heard they were in trouble,  
so I came."

The man's hand was not quite steady  
as he reached over and laid his fingers  
upon Lizzie's wrist. "There is no  
fever. I think—" He caught sight of  
Lavinia's eyes and turned abruptly  
away.

Her gaze followed him, then rested  
upon the companion quilt, the figure of  
which she began to trace absently  
with her finger. She had thought him  
in France, now that he was here there  
were things she must say to him and  
they would take courage.

He interrupted her thought. "Come  
here," he said peremptorily. "I must  
see your eyes again. They gave me  
your soul once. Convention and train-  
ing hid them from sight. I am won-  
dering if it was forever."

There was just an instant of pause,  
her eyes held by his as she went  
toward him and again, as that first  
time, she walked directly into his  
arms.

Our Partners in Joys and Sorrows.  
A writer says in the American Mag-  
azine:

"It is a good phrase we have  
for describing women, 'partners of  
our joys and sorrows.' I know not  
how it may be with other men, but it  
is thus with me. In the regular rou-  
tine of life, when nothing much is  
happening, when the days go by one  
after the other filled with their mon-  
otonous rounds of duties, I can, if neces-  
sary, exist for long periods without  
the company of women. In such days  
and weeks they are sometimes, to be  
sure, a pleasing distraction; but they  
are not food and drink and shelter.  
I can, if need be, survive. But let suc-  
cess break through the monotony of  
the daily grind, and I must have a  
woman to share it; half its sweetness  
is lost otherwise. And failure without  
their God-given chatter and unquench-  
able optimism is utterly intolerable. I  
say I know not how it may be with  
other men, but it is thus with me."

## The Reason.

"These mountain-climbing records  
are not trustworthy."

"Why not?"

"Because mountain climbing is a  
thing which by its nature is never on  
the level."

## WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

(By International News Service.)

Cincinnati, O., June 8.—Because  
the telephone directory here has  
classified attorney-at-law and attor-  
neys separately, the question has  
arisen whether there is any real dis-  
tinction between the terms. Lawyers  
here insist there is no difference.  
One attorney declared an error on  
the part of the printer is responsi-  
ble for the two classifications.

## Piping Oil to Ships at Sea.

Great oil regions lie to the west of  
Tuxpan, which Mexico city, in conse-  
quence, has become a most convenient  
point for exporting oil. However,  
there are neither docking nor harbor  
facilities, because of an imaginary sand-  
bar which effectually prevents ocean-  
going vessels from approaching the  
city much nearer than a mile.

To overcome this difficulty the oil  
companies devised a novel method of  
loading oil. Long pipe lines were run  
out under the sea and over the sand-  
bar. To the outer ends of these lines  
flexible elbow joints were attached.  
Nipples on the upturned ends of the  
elbow joints were provided for the at-  
tachment of rubber or other hose,  
leading from the pipe lines to the sur-  
face, their position being plainly indi-  
cated by large buoys.

In loading oil, vessels simply ride at  
anchor in the open roadstead, pick up  
one of the buoys with hose attached,  
signal a pumping plant on shore, and  
take on oil at their ate of 1,700 barrels  
an hour.—Popular Science Monthly.

## City of Boats Comes and Goes.

In the shadow of the huge Manhat-  
tan bridge which connects New York  
proper with Brooklyn nestles a verita-  
ble fishing village which consists of  
nine two-story houseboats moored side  
by side so as to form a solid row and  
sheltering the fishermen and their  
families, on whom New York is de-  
pendent for a good part of its fish sup-  
ply. But unless you are familiar with  
the vagaries of fish and the localities  
in which they school in certain seasons  
you need not go in search of this vil-  
lage. Often it disappears from a boat-  
itly overnight, without any farewell,  
reappearing as quietly a few months  
later.

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## INSTALL A GAS RANGE NOW

No time is better than the present for emancipat-  
ing the home from the coal dust and the housewife  
from the drudgery of the coal pile and the ash heap.  
ASK US HOW TO DO THIS

**Kentucky Public Service Co.**  
INCORPORATED.

## AUTHOR OF QUIT KICKIN' MY DAWG AROUND, WRITES HIS OWN WEDDING STORY.

(By International News Service.)

Kansas City, Mo., June 8.—J.  
Frank Neighbors, forty-seven, busi-  
ness man and author of the song  
that almost made Champ Clark Pres-  
ident, is married.

Mr. Neighbors who is connected  
with a Miami, Fla., mining company,  
went to the courthouse and after se-  
curing a marriage license to wed  
Edna Brooks, thirty-eight, a book-  
keeper, handed the marriage license  
clerk a sheet of paper.

"You may release this to the Kan-  
sas City papers," said Neighbors. "I  
have already written the story."

The article was headed: "Miami,  
Okla., Business Men Secured Kansas  
City Bride."

## "GIRL IN EVERY PORT."

(By International News Service.)

Boston, Mass., June 8.—Writing  
to members of Fraternity Lodge of  
Rebekahs, in Milford, Lieutenant El-  
bert M. Crockett, now on war duty

in France, says:  
"Censuring the letters of the boys  
to their sweethearts back home is  
one of the jobs I'm up against most  
every night. Some of them have but  
one sweetheart, and some of them  
have two, three and four."

## NOT BEING SUPERSTITIOUS WEDDING IS STRICTLY "13."

(By International News Service.)

Kansas City, Mo., June 8.—It was  
thirteen months ago that William A.  
Gibson met pretty Anna B. Brown,  
of this city.

"This is our lucky day," he declar-  
ed, as he looked at the date—the  
13th. She agreed.

"Let's get married on the 13th,"  
he said a few months later. She  
also agreed to this.

So on the thirteen of the month  
they secured a marriage license.  
Then a happy thought struck them.  
"Let's make it 13 all around," she  
said.

They were married on the 13th  
floor of the Commerce Building, in  
room 913, by Justice E. A. Seltzer.

Among the many monuments to General Sherman, the one situat-  
ed in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, is a most unique, compelling de-  
sign. The very character of its architecture seems to emphasize the  
faithful and honorable spirit of this old warrior.



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NOW. You'll be surprised how easily  
and quickly it will assume big figures.

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